

## In "Business" or in "Love" Here's One Rule That May Help You Make Good.

"In the Power Plant of Success  
The Generator Is YOURSELF,"  
Says Mrs. Mary E. T. Chapin.

By Fay Stevenson.

ARE you unsuccessful in business life?  
Are you as much in love with your husband or wife as you were  
the day you were married?

If you are not at the top of your business or profession, if you have lost  
of those early honeymoon days, it is YOUR OWN FAULT.  
That is the belief of Mrs. Mary E. T. Chapin, international lecturer of New Thought Alliance and a firm believer in autosuggestion. In special courses of study in Radcliffe College, in travel and by constant contact with the world of thought and purpose Mrs. Chapin has achieved a theory which has helped many men and women to see life in a new light.

Although Mrs. Chapin is also a firm believer in Coué and firmly upholds the "Day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better" theory, her strong appeal is to put your whole faith in a generator, and the generator is YOURSELF.

"You would not expect success in any undertaking unless you knew something about the undertaking," said Mrs. Chapin at Hotel Commodore the other afternoon, when I asked her to enlarge her views. "You would not expect success as a singer if you were ignorant of music. You would not expect success in painting if you sothing of color or drawing. You would not expect success in managing if you knew nothing of labor and the processes of action. You would not expect in merchandising if you knew of goods, credits and sales. You would not expect success if you were ignorant of the power plant of success."

Yet people wonder why they are not successful who know nothing of the forces within them and the generation of power therefrom. It is not enough to know your business. YOU are what runs the business and you must know yourself, the nature of your powers and how to develop and direct them. And this is where the autosuggestion of it all plays a vital part. Mrs. Chapin believes that many people are failures in life because of childhood suggestions. If a mother, an aunt or some know-it-all guardian has said: "You can't succeed if you go into that," that suggestion is apt to go with the man or girl to whom it is said all through life. That first great faith in self has been weakened. Therefore, Mrs. Chapin's great plea is to cling to your first dreams and hopes and aspirations.

Because Mrs. Chapin has brought so many unhappy husbands and wives together, I asked her to tell me just how she reached them. "By speaking to them of home, and what that word ought to mean to you," smiled Mrs. Chapin. "Every husband and wife values a home. When a man or a woman has to suddenly give up home life and face a boarding house world, hotel life or a dreary apartment, the world seems to have stopped going around for them. Just mention the dear word home to one of your husbands or wives and you are separated for a few months or possibly years and you will strike a chord—the most human chord in the wide world."

The next step after you have awakened a dormant tie between separated husbands and wives is to lead them back to the first great love which drew them together. Why did they fall in love? Find the great charm which bound them together and then unravel the rest, all the petty arguments, the selfishness, the chaffiness, false pride and money difficulties which have been woven together. "And there again you lead back to self," pointed out Mrs. Chapin. "No matter what your difficulties in life are, if you can just put your hand on that generator (and the generator is yourself, remember) you will find the way out—the clear, smooth way."

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## Fables for the Fair

"Happy New Year"

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

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### MORAL: It CAN'T Be Happy if You Make It Scrappy!

WHICH is yours going to be? A Happy New Year—or a SCRAPPY New Year?

If you're somebody's husband,

Or somebody's wife,

Why don't you make a January 1st resolution

To let all scrapping begin with battleships

And END there? Just imagine

How long even Romeo and Juliet's grand passion would have lasted.

If, instead of filling untimely graves, They had married and lived scrappy ever after!

Romeo might have fussed

Because Juliet gave him broiled salt

As for Juliet,

Suppose she had lived to "rag" Romeo

For keeping dinner waiting, when he'd SAID he'd be home punctually at six!

And she might have scrapped over the sad truth

That he would sometimes arise too late to shave,

Or that he liked to carve in his shirt-sleeves,

Or that he waited about two weeks too long before getting a haircut.

Juliet might have rowed

Because Romeo left his things lying all over the house—

As if he expected HER to pick 'em up!

Because he asked her to grow enthusiastic over the noble appearance of a RAW stricken of beef,

Or a loin of pork;

Because he let everybody in his office Simply TRAMPLE on him;

Because he worked so hard he was always cross or sleepy on Sunday;

Because he was unreasonable and stubborn and selfish and arbitrary, and a MAN!

It's always possible to start a scrap with a married man or a married woman,

If YOU happen to be married to him—or her!

But it's the little foxes of dissension. That spoil many a domestic vine and fig-tree.

So, for 1923, I wish you all a HAPPY New Year—

Not a SCRAPPY one!

## My New Year

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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THE old year dies and the new is born. The world moves on

And Father Time adds another count.

The soul of man strives to reach for something

Always, always, for ever and for ever.

One there is who stretches forth

For gold and more gold.

And he who fights for fame.

There are those who seek peace

And others sigh for happiness.

Some there are who want but little

Yet try to hold it long.

And then others who hurry to and fro

To gather the grain of the world

That they may plant and reap

A harvest for themselves.

Always, always, for ever and for ever

The soul of man strives to reach for something

That brings him recompense.

In filled coffers, in loud acclaim

Yet for ever remains unsatisfied.

And every New Year finds the mad march

Perpetually on the move.

And yet, when all is said and all is done,

There is one road that man can travel every day

Fully satisfied.

It is the unfulfilling one.

For it is the Law of the Universe.

It is the Highway of Human Service

Which brings its own reward without the asking.

And thus in my New Year,

I will so live and have my being

That each setting sun

Will find me glad

That I have sought

Some good for somebody.

## Kitchenette Kinks

From Evening World Readers.

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USES "KID'S" KNEE-GUARDS.

I SAW my "kid" brother fooling

with some old athletic paraphernalia.

He was about to throw

away an old pair of knee-guards such

as basketball players use to ease any

unforeseen bumps on the hard gymnasium floor.

I took these old knee-guards home and find they are splendid for use when I am washing floors in a kneeling position.

G. G.

BRUSHES FOR KITCHEN.

Small, coarse-bristled brushes are

handy helps in the kitchen; make the best cleaners of broilers, graters, etc.

I keep one for scrubbing vegetables and another for scouring the pots.

Those with handles are the most satisfactory. They also clean kitchen

utensils which are lovely, perhaps, but gets very dirty-looking. Try the brushes, housekeepers. M. H. L.

BREAD CRUMB GRATING.

I take a large paper bag, one large

enough to contain a grater and also

allow the hand to work inside. By

grating old bread inside the bag no

crumbs are lost and the bread is

perfectly clean; also the worker

may be seated while at work. When

completed the crumbs are all in the

bag ready to be sifted and stored in a glass jar. R. F. D.

CLEANING SAUCEPANS.

To cleanse saucepans thoroughly

after cooking oatmeal, fill them with

boiling water, empty, then fill with

cold water, let stand awhile, and the

oatmeal will fall away from the sides

of the pan. L. C. B.

FAUCETS ALWAYS BRIGHT.

I cleaned my faucets with brass

polish and then varnished them with

light oak varnish. I find it a labor-

saving device, and they look polished many months. A. B.

DISCARDED RAINCOAT USES.

After the raincoat is no longer

wearable out of it an apron to wear

when washing clothes or dishes.

It will also serve as a toilet case for

travelling purposes after you attach

pockets to an oblong piece and bind

the edges. A bag for carrying rubbers

can also be made from it. The small

pieces will do as made for potted

plants. L. D.

CLEANING THE SPICE MILL.

It is often desired to grind different

spices in the same mill without any

one being affected by another spice.

Grind a teaspoonful of rice through

the mill and all impurities will be removed.

A. S.

## The Sewing Basket

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OW that you have had your supper, I suppose you're going right out and I won't see anything more of you till all hours!" remarked Mrs. Jarr with a sniff.

"You've another guess coming, old lady," said Mr. Jarr. "Me for all the comforts of home this evening."

"We are highly honored. I am sure," replied Mrs. Jarr. "There are two little, lovely children in this house it might interest you to meet."

As the said two lovely children Mrs. Jarr meant were the two who now were playing horse all over Mr. Jarr, that gentleman only blinked and said: "Oh, come now, be good! Haven't I been home with them all Christmas week? Why, you really set as if you wanted to get rid of me."

"The ideal!" said Mrs. Jarr indignantly. "The ideal I'm sure that's a quality conscience speaking now. What you want to do is to go out to that cigar store and play cards and smoke all evening."

"Hey, Pop," asked the little Jarr boy, "kin I smoke and play cards when I grow up?"

Mrs. Jarr cast up her eyes and sighed deeply. "There he is!" she said. "You should be proud of that child, Mr. Jarr, because he's like you in every way! In every way!"

"And I suppose this isn't mama's

mination is particularly charming and it is further helped in effect when the edging of gray marabou is added. The gray, you see, shades into the lavender lining and contrasts nicely with the vividness of the red. Then, you have an edging to this which requires only the least little stitching underneath to attach it to the material and nowhere does the work have a chance to show.

Over the shoulders the square is thrown and, at the waist, as you can see, a bunch of chipper looking little roses holds the thing in place while the sleeves are tucked together at convenient places and, again, under the fur on one shoulder another little bunch of flowers is tucked away with just a stray ribbon or two falling gracefully away from it.

You can slip on this sort of thing over your nightgown or over an undershirt after your frock has been removed to keep it from marring while you lounge about your room.

This was the Red House, one of the most widely known roadhouses of early New York. When the door to the big building was opened by a

eried servant, the fashionables who entered were usually met by Lewis Rogers, the earliest proprietor of the place. He was a dapper little man, famed for his cellar and his larder, as well as being a connoisseur along the lines of the sport of his day—horse racing, cock fighting, rat baiting and prize fighting.

He met, on equal terms, "Dandy Maix," the well known Beau Brummel of Broadway, who lounged away his time in the roadhouse while his London model equipages waited outside the door, and the Bowery Boys, or Whoys, as they were usually called, who butchered perhaps through the week, but on Sunday came out with their sleek beavers, round haircuts

and gray flowered silk waistcoats. Those who can remember the Red House in its later days, however, will recall as proprietor one Ned Luff, who, like his predecessor, had hosts of friends who came from great distances to partake of his creature-comforts. He remodelled the Red House to meet the changing conditions and was responsible for its long continued popularity. But, so far as we can discover, the fate of the Red House was synonymous with that of Luff, and their downfall simultaneous. Here is all that the historian has to say of their demise:

"Poor Luff! The word 'no' had never been taught him in youth. He could not utter it, even to King A-

cohol. Goodby to the Red House."

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WHERE 125th Street now cuts through Third Avenue and, where for many years no ground has gone to waste, there used to be extensive grounds upon which was a well kept half-mile trotting course. On any week day, but particularly on Sunday, there could be seen fashionable equipages drawn up along the wide driveway which led to a big rambling building.

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## Can You Beat It!

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By Maurice Ketten

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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